

KENICHI SONODA PRESENTS GUNSMITH CATS REVISED EDITION 1 DARK HORSE MANGA VOL. 1

# GUNSMITH CATS

REVISED EDITION 1



園田健一

Vol. 1



KENICHI SONODA PRESENTS  
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REVISED EDITION 1



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\$16.95 US | darkhorse.com



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## KENICHI SONODA PRESENTS GUNSMITH CATS

REVISED EDITION 1



Rally and Minnie-May are two teen girls running a weapons shop in Chicago...but they have a side business as bounty hunters! Though their main task is to hunt down runaway criminals with bounty on their heads, they somehow always end up undertaking risky jobs and getting themselves into major messes!

## RALLY VINCENT

ガンズミスキャッツ

Rally is a bounty hunter who loves guns. She's a top-notch marksman and a master gunsmith. Her beloved ride is a Shelby Cobra GT500.

GRAPHIC NOVEL/MANGA/ACTION/CRIME





— RALLY VINCENT AND MINNIE-MAY —

# GUNSMITH CATS

REVISED 1 EDITION

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English-language version produced by **DARK HORSE COMICS**

Gunsmith Cats Revised Edition Vol. 1



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Dark Horse Manga  
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.  
10955 SE Main Street  
Milwaukie, OR 97222

[darkhorse.com](http://darkhorse.com)

First edition: February 2007  
ISBN-10: 1-56307-748-3  
ISBN-13: 978-1-56307-748-8

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
Printed in the United States of America

To find a comics shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator  
Service toll-free at 1-888-286-4226

  
**DARK HORSE MANGA**

**園田健一**

Presented by  
**KENICHI SONODA**



— RALLY VINCENT AND MINNIE-MAT —

# GUNSMITH CATS

REVISED EDITION

Translation  
**DANA LEWIS & TOREN SMITH**

Lettering and retouch  
**STUDIO CUTIE**

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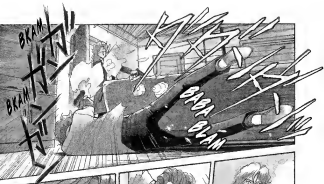
# **CHAPTER 1**

## **FEEDING**

## **TROUBLE**







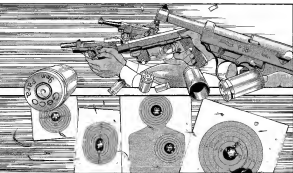




SSW 14-18 (P) AMMO 34HP BLACK TALONS

















HE DIDN'T GET  
OUT ON BAIL. HE  
PROMISED TO  
TURN STATE'S  
EVIDENCE.



WASTE  
OF GOOD  
BAIL  
MONEY.

SO LAST  
NIGHT THE  
GUY KILLS TWO  
OFFICERS AND  
GETS AWAY...  
RIGHT?



IF WE  
GET A GUILTY  
VERDICT, WE'LL  
SHUT DOWN  
HARPER'S  
WHOLE  
COCAINE NET-  
WORK.



THE  
JOHN  
HARPER  
TRIAL?



BUT WHEN  
THEY PULLED  
HIM IN HE  
WAS CLEAN,  
NOT A  
GRAIN ON  
HIM.



DODGE  
WAS  
RUNNING  
HALF THE  
CODE IN  
CHICAGO,  
A BIG  
TIME  
MIDDLE-  
MAN.



GENEROUS IN-  
DEED, BUT  
STAMPING OUT  
THE DRUG  
TRADE IS THIS  
CITY'S NUM-  
BER ONE  
PRIORITY.



COM-  
PLETELY?  
THAT'S  
KIND OF  
ODD.  
WOULDN'T  
YOU SAY?



THAT'S RIGHT,  
THEY OFFERED  
TO DROP  
CHARGES COM-  
PLETELY IN  
EXCHANGE FOR  
TESTIMONY.



YEAH, SO I  
HEARD, BUT  
DIDN'T THEY PUT  
HIM AWAY FOR  
TWO YEARS ANY-  
WAY ON SOME  
OUTSTANDING  
WARRANT, A  
POSSESSION  
CHARGE?



RALLY,  
OVER  
HERE!



IF DODGE  
TESTIFIES THEY  
CAN TAKE DOWN  
JOHN HARPER,  
TAKE DOWN THE  
KINGPIN FOR THE  
WHOLE GREAT  
LAKES REGION.



PLUS  
EXPENSES,  
MAY?

PAYMENT ON  
DELIVERY, ALIVE  
AND SOUND--  
TEN THOUSAND  
DOLLARS.  
YOU'LL HAVE  
HIM IN TIME.

I LIKE  
THE SMELL  
OF THIS CASE.  
TOO. SEND  
ME COPIES  
OF ALL THE  
COURT PAPERS.  
ALL THE  
DOCUMENTS  
YOU'VE GOT  
SO FAR.

OK?









WALTHER PP (SMITH)



WE  
HEAR  
YOU'RE  
AFTER  
DODGE.

HOLD  
IT  
RIGHT  
THERE.  
VIN-  
CENT.



SAME  
DRY.  
BARE.  
BAD  
MOVE.

I ONLY  
SIGNED  
THE  
PAPERS  
TWENTY  
MINUTES  
AGO.

TECH-  
NICALLY.  
I'M  
NOT  
AFTER  
HIM  
YET.



WE JUST  
WANT  
YOU  
OUTTA  
ACTION  
UNTIL  
WE  
GET A  
CHANCE  
TO WHACK  
ROOM...

HEY.  
WE'RE  
NOT  
GOING  
TO  
WHACK  
YOU.

















GO! (LAWMAN MK 3 IC)







I CAN USUALLY  
STOP THE  
CYLINDER ONE  
NOTCH PAST THE  
LIVE POINT.  
JUST BY  
TIMING THE  
SPARK



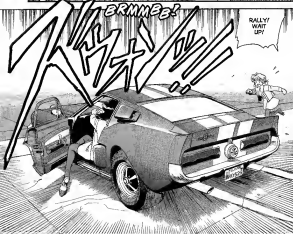
IT'S  
UP TO  
YOU.



WOULDBE  
YOU'D LIKE  
TO HELP  
ME BREAK  
IT













THOSE  
TWO LOOK  
THE  
TYPE...



I  
WON-  
DER  
IF HE'S  
THERE?



AND EVEN IF  
I DID, I'D  
PROBABLY BE  
TOO LATE.

DAMN  
THERE'S NO  
WAY TO GET  
CLOSE.



ほし  
FWMP

SO  
NOW  
WHAT?



.....  
.....



OR MAYBE  
THERE'S SOME-  
BODY ELSE...

OR MAYBE  
THE COPS  
THREATENED  
TO COVER  
THEIR USLY  
BUTTS...

MAKES  
SENSE.  
THAT WHY  
DODGE  
IS SAFE,  
AND HE  
DIDN'T  
HAVE TO  
PAY US A  
DIME.

JONES THE  
LAWYER TO  
HELP THE  
POLICE  
GET TO HIS  
MAN BEFORE  
HARPER'S  
KIT SQUAD  
DOES?"

WHEN  
COULD  
SOME-  
ONE  
HAVE  
BUGGED  
MY  
CAR...?

EITHER  
WHEN  
I WAS OFF  
MEETING  
JONES,  
OR IN THE  
PARKING  
LOT AT THE  
SHOP.



ONE OF JOHN  
HARPER'S  
BOONS...?  
UH-UH--THEY  
FABRICATED  
THEIR  
FILES WOULD  
TALK HIM OUT  
SO WHY BUG  
THE CAR?





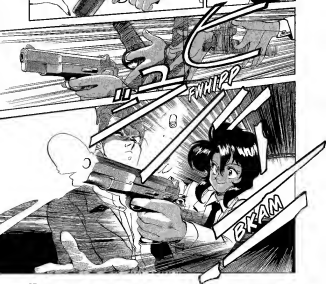




DESERT EAGLE (ISRAELI, GAS RECOIL). THIS VERSION CHAMBERED FOR .44 MAGNUM.

























YOU GOT  
IT HE USED  
THE CHARMING  
BONNIE  
HERSELF TO  
TRY AND GRAB  
DODGE'S  
COKE.

YES!

JONES...  
THAT  
PORNER  
LAWYER?



THEN JONES  
LEAKED WORD TO  
HARPER'S CRONIES  
THAT WE'D BEEN  
Hired. AND  
LET THEM TRACK  
US DOWN  
THEMSELVES.

THAT  
WAS  
BONNIE,  
TOO.

AND  
THE  
BUST?



SHE  
CRACKED  
AT THE  
HOSPITAL  
AND  
SPILLED  
THE  
BEANS--  
FULL  
CONFESSION.

JONES TIPS  
BONNIE OFF  
ON WHERE TO  
FIND DODGE'S  
WIFE. BONNIE  
FINCES THE  
COKE. SPLITS  
THE TAKE  
WITH JONES.



AS  
IF I  
CARE.

THE  
TRIAL'S  
OVER. NO  
PROBLEMS.  
HAPPY  
DAYS  
ARE HERE  
AGAIN.



SHE  
SUR-  
VIVED?  
MUST  
HAVE A  
DEAL  
WITH  
THE  
DEVIL.



THAT'S  
NOT WHAT  
I MEANT.  
THE MONEY!  
P-A-P-N!



JONES  
GETS THREE  
YEARS, AND  
HARPER'S  
OFF TO THE  
MADISON  
PEN FOR  
TWENTY.

SO...?  
SO WHAT  
HAPPENED?

OIL  
DRIFT STUFF.  
I STUCK IT  
TO JONES'S  
FIRM FOR NINE  
THOUSAND  
BUCKS IN  
EXPENSES.  
INCLUDING  
MULE KITTEN.



YOU  
REMEM-  
BERED.  
HUN...?



SO,  
WHEN ARE  
WE GONNA  
HIT THE  
MALL?

I  
THINK  
IT'S  
PER-  
FECT!

DON'T  
SWEAT IF  
YOU DID  
GOOD.

I DUNNO,  
MINNE...IT  
LOOKS  
KINDA WEIRD  
TO ME.

GUN SMITH. CAT'S

HOOTING



# **CHAPTER 2**

## **REVOLVER**

### **FREAK**



WELL, UNTIL YOU  
DID SAY  
THAT YOU  
WANTED IT  
CUSTOMIZED  
FOR HUNTING.  
I FIGURED  
THAT MEANT  
YOU'D  
ONLY BE  
USING THE  
SCOPE.

THERE'S  
NO  
FRONT  
SIGHT.

SO...  
HOW'S  
THE  
SCOPE  
CHECK  
OUT?



NAH,  
THEY'LL  
DO.

I CAN  
PUT ONE  
ON FOR  
YOU IN  
ABOUT  
THREE  
DAYS...



I'VE  
POPPED  
THE  
CYLINDER.  
RIGHT?

KEEP  
YER  
PANTY-  
HOSE  
ON, SISTER.

UHHH...SRY?  
EXCUSE ME, BUT  
YOU REALLY  
SHOULDN'T...  
UH...BE  
POINTING THE  
GUN AT  
PEOPLE...



AND  
AL-  
SO...



IF YOU  
FIRE MORE  
THAN TWENTY  
SHOTS  
BETWEEN  
CLEANINGS  
YOU MIGHT  
GET SOME  
SEEDS  
BETWEEN  
THE BARREL  
AND THE  
CYLINDER.

UH...  
ABOUT  
THAT  
CYLINDER-  
I'VE  
SHIMMED  
IT  
PRETTY  
TIGHT.





AND THE AMMO HE WANTED... THAT BOTHERS ME, TOO.

YOU SEE, I FELT LIKE HE WAS PRACTICALLY SAYING ME WITH THAT DAMNED BARREL!

"A WEIRDO" ...?



DO YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BESIDES EXPLO- SIVE ST-

USE THAT WAY AND YOU WOULD BE A WEIRDO!

LIKE WHAT? TRACER? SHAPED CHARGE- EST?



BUT FOR HUNTING WOULDN'T YOU USE HOLLOW POINTS OR SOMETHING?

THE HOT LOADING I UNDER- STAND...



SO WHAT DOES HE ASK FOR? CUSTOM- MADE HOT LOADED? "A-A MAGNUM ARMOR- PIERCING!"



HE SAID HE WANTED IT FOR HUNTING. DEER, MOOSE. THAT SORT OF THING. NOTHING ELSE.

\*HOT LOADED ARMS PICKED WITH MORE THAN THE USUAL CHARGE OF SMOKEPOWDER. GENERALLY NOT AVAILABLE COMMERCIALLY



I DON'T KNOW. HE HAD PLENTY OF CALLUSES. AND HIS ESTIMATE OF THE TRIGGER PULL WAS SPOT ON.

SO HE'S JUST SOME CRAZY AMATEUR. AN AMMO FREAK?











THE STAFF KEEPS  
THEIR MOUTHS  
SHUT. YOU'LL  
NEVER FIND OUT  
HIS ROOM  
NUMBER WITHOUT  
SOMEONE  
ON THE INSIDE.

THE  
ALMOND  
CLUB'S  
GOT A  
LOT OF  
BISWIS  
CLIENTS.



I STILL  
DON'T  
LIKE  
IT.



hmph...  
OH, ALL  
RIGHT!



AND  
YOU DON'T  
WANT ONE  
OF YOUR  
'RALLY  
SPECIALS'  
USED IN A  
MURDER.  
DO YOU..?







KTYN-A TITANIUM-COATED BRASS BULLET WITH SUPERIOR PENETRATING POWER





HE'S BACK.

A BLACK AVANT!



"TRAINING"...?!  
MEP!

WHAT?  
P!



BUT YOU'LL DO  
JUST FINE! THE  
MANAGER SAID  
YOU'VE ALREADY  
GOT THE RIGHT  
STUFF. PRETTY  
MUCH.

WE'LL  
USUALLY  
FIVE DAYS.



YES?

SO IT  
SHOULD ONLY  
TAKE YOU  
TWO DAYS.



HOW...  
HOW LONG  
WILL THIS  
TAKE?

SORRY, DEAR!  
IN THIS CLUB WE  
GET SO MANY  
VIPs, WE HAVE  
TO BE ABLE  
TO SATISFY  
SOME *SPECI*AL  
TASTES.



I  
SEE...

NOW, THESE  
ROOMS ARE  
RESERVED FOR  
OUR GOLD  
MEMBERS...





YEAH...

OH, MISTER  
HAMMETT  
BACK  
ALREADY?



THANK  
YOU



YES,  
SIR! THE  
USUAL, OF  
COURSE?

SEND  
DINNER  
TO MY  
ROOM.



HUH..?



I  
JUST  
STARTED  
TODAY.

WHY, HI  
THERE,  
LIFE DARNIN'.  
YOU NEW  
AROUND  
HERE?

UH,  
YES -  
AWAY



HE'S A  
GOLD  
MEMBER?

HE  
CERTAINLY IS...  
ONLY USES  
THE NUMBER  
THREE ROYAL  
SUITS. HE'S  
LOADED,  
SUGAR.











C'MON, MIMI—  
SET  
YOUR  
ASS IN  
GEAR!



BUT THEY WOULDN'T  
MOVE ON CIRCUM-  
STANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IF I  
DON'T  
HEAR  
FROM  
HER IN  
THE NEXT  
TEN  
MINUTES...



TEN  
AFTER NINE  
ALREADY...  
SHE'S NOT  
GOING TO  
MAKE IT

MAYBE  
I SHOULD  
HAVE JUST  
CALLED  
THE COPS





















YOU'RE  
RIGHT.  
I  
GUESS  
I  
LOSE.  
"REVOLVER  
FREAK."



SHIT...  
SO THAT'S  
IT. IT'S THE  
DAMNED  
GUNSMITH'S  
FAULT FOR  
NOT GIVING ME  
JACKETED  
AMMO.



THE LEAD  
BUILDUP  
BLOCKS  
THE  
CYLINDER  
GAP. IT  
JAMS AND  
YOUR  
TRIGGER  
WON'T  
PULL.



...RAMP-  
FIRE IT  
WITH HOT  
LOADED  
UNJACKET-  
ED ROUNDS  
AND THE  
LEAD'S  
GONE TO  
FOUL THE  
BORE.

"LEAD-  
ING,"  
RIGHT?

TAKE A  
.44  
MAGNUM.



CAN  
WE...?

WE CAN  
NEVER REALLY  
GO PRO.

THAT'S  
THE  
PROBLEM  
WITH US  
FREAKS...

HA  
HA...



# CHAPTER 3

## BONNIE AND CLYDE





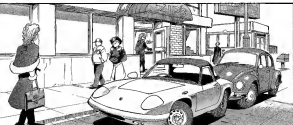


















**THERE'S  
A  
BOMB  
IN  
HERE!!**



**GET  
EVERYONE  
OUT OF  
HERE!**

**IT'S  
ABOUT  
TO  
BLOW!**



**EVERYBODY  
OUT!!**

**クッ  
クッ  
クッ**



**POLICE!  
EVERYONE  
OUT!  
NOW!!**

**WE'VE  
GOT A  
BOMB IN  
HERE!**

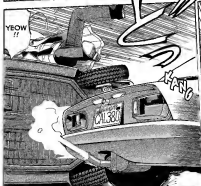
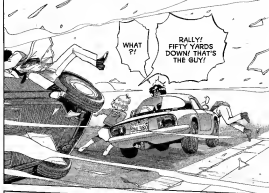


**クッ  
クッ  
クッ**



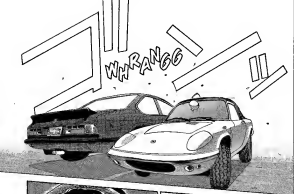
















GOTCHAI!

カッ  
KCHAK

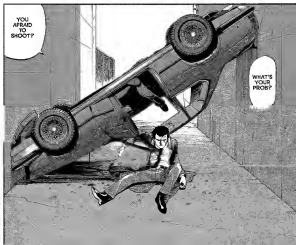
MAY!!  
COMING  
THROUGH!

















CHAPTER 3 / END

# CHAPTER 4

## HOT FEEDING



AND  
THIS IS  
WHAT  
I GET  
?!

YOU LOSE YOUR LEGS TO THAT  
BOUNTY HUNTER BITCH BUT YOU  
STILL MANAGE TO BREAK OUTTA  
THE SLAMMER. SO I FIGURE, HEY,  
THE BROAD'S GOT GUTS--SHE  
WANTS FIVE HUNDRED GRAND.  
SHE GETS FIVE HUNDRED GRAND.  
SHE DESERVES IT. YEAAH? I  
MEAN, WE BEEN DOIN'  
BUSINESS  
FOR YEARS.

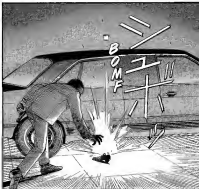
WHAT  
IS THIS  
CRAP,  
BONNIE  
?!

THIS COKE IS  
SHITTY CHEAP  
SHIT! AND ON  
TOP OF THAT,  
THE LOAD'S  
WAY  
SHORT!

THIS  
STUFF'S  
NOT  
WHAT  
YOU  
SHOWED  
ME  
BEFORE,  
BASS.

WHAK















TAKE OFF  
THE STOCK  
AND IT  
SLIDES RIGHT  
INTO THE  
GUTE LITTLE  
LEG OF  
MINE.



REH...  
INTER-  
ESTING  
LITTLE  
WEAPON.  
HMM?



YOU'LL  
NEVER DEAL  
IN CHICAGO  
AGAIN. NOT  
IN ALL OF  
ILLINOIS.

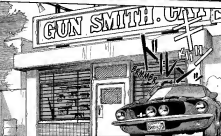


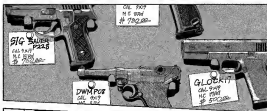
YOU'RE  
WORRIED  
ABOUT  
ME?





















YOU  
GONNA  
KILL  
HER?



WHO  
AM I  
SAYING...





SHE SAID  
OKAY  
WHEN YOU  
TYPED IN  
TWENTY  
BUCKS BY  
MISTAKE?



BECKY  
DID  
WHAT?



I  
THOUGHT  
SO,  
TOO.



THAT  
IS WEIRD  
AND EVEN  
WEIRDER FOR  
BECKY THE  
CHEAPSKATE..



IN ANY CASE,  
THERE'S A  
GOOD CHANCE  
IT'S A TRAP,  
SOME KIND  
OF TRAP.



MAYBE  
SHE WAS  
BEING  
THREATENED  
BY  
SOME-  
ONE.

I MEAN IF  
IT'S REALLY  
A TRAP  
THERE ISN'T  
ANY MONEY  
IN IT.

JEET...  
MAYBE YOU  
COULDA  
LEAVE IT  
TO THE  
COPS?

CAN'T  
LEAVE  
IT TO  
THE  
COPS.



OKAY--  
LET'S  
GO!

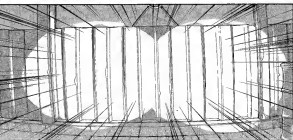












SHRANGG



CHAPTER4 END

# CHAPTER 5

## BURST



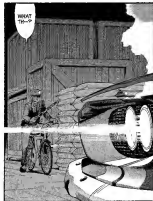


...MAYBE  
AN  
ACCIDENT  
OUT FRONT.  
I'M  
GONNA  
GO  
CHECK IT  
OUT.

YEAH,  
IT'S ME.  
I JUST  
HEARD  
A BIG  
CRASH.













AND IN CASE YOU  
GOT ANY FUNNY  
IDEAS, BONABE'S  
JUST ITCHING TO  
CHOP A COUPLE  
FINGERS OFF THAT  
NOSEY FRIEND  
OF YOURS!



I KNOW  
YOU'RE OUT  
THERE  
SOMEWHERE.

A  
A  
G!

IF YOU  
DON'T WANT  
ME TO FINISH  
THIS GUY  
OFF, YOU  
BETTER STEP  
OUT WHERE  
I CAN  
SEE YOU.



RALLY  
VINCENT!  
YOU  
LISTEN-  
ING?!







WHY'D  
YOU  
ASK?



YOU  
WOULDN'T  
KNOW  
WHERE  
RALLY  
VINCENT'S  
GOTTEN  
TO.  
WOULD  
YOU?



YOU  
THINK  
SHE'S  
AFTER  
RALLY?



SHE'S A  
REGULAR  
MR. JACK  
THE  
REPPY?





YO, RALLY  
BABY. GOOD  
TA SEE YA  
AGAIN,  
SWEETHEART.

WHY.  
HI  
THERE.  
MISTER  
CLYDE?



YOU THINK THIS  
THING BETWEEN YOU  
AND SONNIE'S WORTH  
THREE BODIES?

YOU'RE  
REALLY  
PLANNING  
TO SHOOT  
ME?

MAYBE JUST  
TWO! HOW DO  
I EVEN KNOW  
YOU'VE GOT  
BECKY?



BECKY TELLS ME  
THE TWO OF YOU  
WENT SHOPPING AT  
MACY'S ON TUESDAY  
AND YOU BOUGHT  
THREE PAIRS OF  
SILK PANTIES.

SO TELL  
ME WHY I  
SHOULDN'T  
JUST  
TAKE YOU/  
HOSTAGE,  
PAL?









OW...  
THAT  
LITTLE  
JUNKY!

SO WHATCHA  
GONNA DO?  
THROW IT  
AT YOUR  
GIRLFRIEND?

HUH.



A C275  
AND  
FOUR  
SPARE  
MAGS...

A  
BACKUP  
GUN AND  
THE  
PRETTY  
LITTLE  
KNIFE.

SHOTGUN,  
NICS  
KEYLAR  
BODY  
ARMOR...

MY, MY,  
AREN'T  
WE  
WELL  
PRE-  
PARED...



GIVE ME A BREAK.  
IF I COULDN'T  
TELL THAT  
MUCH FROM HER  
SILHOUETTE,  
I'D BE OUTTA  
BUSINESS.

I FIGURED  
YOU'D  
WANT HER  
ALIVE.

CLYDE? I HOPE  
YOU KNEW SHE  
WAS WEARING  
THIS THING  
BEFORE YOU  
SHOT HER.



LOOK...YOU  
DON'T NEED  
BECKY  
ANYMORE.  
JUST LET  
HER GO.



YOU  
LOOK  
A  
LITTLE...  
PALE.

WELL...  
SOMETHING  
BOTHERING  
YOU,  
RALLY?







HHNF!



BUT YOU  
KNOW, RALLY...  
THAT WASN'T  
NEAR AS  
PAINFUL AS  
LOSING MY  
LEGS.



MMPH  
!!



OH, DEAR.  
I DIDN'T  
BREAK  
ANY KIDS.  
DID I?



ALLOW ME  
TO  
DEMONSTRATE!





MEANWHILE,  
CLYDE CAN  
USE THAT  
CUTE GRINACE  
TO BLOW  
AWAY YOUR  
FRIENDS!



HA  
HA HA!!  
FWAP

DON'T WORRY—  
IT'S ALMOST  
OVER! I'LL  
JUST PUT A  
COUPLE SLUGS  
INTO YOUR  
KNEECAPS, AND  
THEN WE'RE  
CHECKING OUT  
OF HERE.



...AND YOU  
STILL THINK  
YOU CAN  
GET OUT  
OF TOWN?!

YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
MAKE  
A SCENE  
LIKE  
THAT...



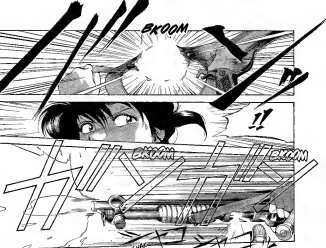
I KNOW  
I CAN.  
I'VE HEED  
THE BEST  
DRIVER IN  
CHICAGO.

BUT  
THANKS  
FOR  
THE  
THOUGHT















GMMPH !!



CLOSE, BUT I'M FINE.



DON'T MOVE!









LIKE  
ANYTHING.  
IF THE  
PRICE  
IS RIGHT.



YOU  
MEAN LIKE  
CRIMINALIST  
OR  
LEGAL  
GOODIST?

YOU SAID  
YOU'RE A  
"DELIVERY  
MAN"...



HAVE  
IT  
YOUR  
WAY.



THEN  
WE'RE  
ENEMIES.  
AREN'T  
WE...?



PROBABLY  
WHETHER  
WE LIKE IT  
OR NOT.

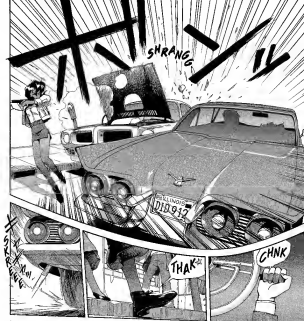
I FIGURE  
WE'LL BE  
MEETING  
AGAIN.

# CHAPTER 6 CZ75























"IF THERE'S  
ANYTHING THAT  
COULD BE IMPROVED,  
I'D MAKE THE GRIP  
OUT OF WALNUT,  
FULL-CHECKERED, AND  
MAKE SOME OF THE  
LEVERS A LITTLE  
BIGGER.

"AS FAR  
AS I'M  
CONCERNED,  
THE CZ75 IS  
THE PINNACLE  
OF SEMI-  
AUTOMATIC  
HANDGUN  
EVOLUTION.

"IN ORDER  
TO SPEED UP  
PRODUCTION AND  
TO GET MORE LIFE  
OUT OF THE BLADES  
ON THEIR MACHINE  
TOOLS, THEY  
LOWERED THE  
GRADE OF STEEL  
TO WESTERN  
STANDARDS.

"BUT WHEN THE  
CZECH GOVERNMENT  
DECIDED TO SELL THE  
CZ75 IN THE WEST,  
THEY RAN INTO TWO  
PROBLEMS--MASS  
PRODUCTION AND  
PRODUCTION  
COSTS.

"BUT  
IF YOU  
ASK ME,  
IT DIDN'T  
WORK.  
THE OLD  
MODEL  
IS THE  
REAL  
CZ75."

"I FIGURE  
THEY  
EXTENDED  
THE SLIDE RAILS  
LINE THAT TO  
MAKE UP FOR  
THE LOSS OF  
ACCURACY.

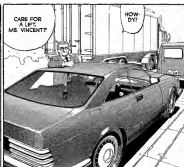
















HMM...YOU  
CARRY A  
COMBAT LOAD,\*  
COCKED  
AND  
LOADED...



ALL RIGHT--DUMP  
ANY EXTRA GUNS  
YOU'VE GOT ON  
YOU IN THE BACK  
SEAT THEN TAKE  
THE WHEEL.



I'M BEGGING  
YOU, VINCENT.  
PLEASE JUST  
DO AS I  
SAY!

BUSKIE'S  
HOSTAGE  
THIS  
MORNING...  
SHE'S MY  
DAUGHTER!



DO  
IT  
!!

MR.  
SCOTTY?  
WHAT  
THE  
--?



\*COMBAT LOAD: ONE ROUND CHAMBERED, PLUS A FULL MAGAZINE. GIVES YOU ONE "EXTRA" SHOT













TIME TO  
FINISH THIS  
MORNING'S  
BUSINESS!

THAT  
STREET'S  
A DEAD  
END,  
BITCH!

YOU SHOULD  
BE TRYING TO  
JUMP STATE,  
NOT PLAYING  
WITH ME!

ARE YOU  
NUTS,  
BUSGEY?

...I CAN UP  
MY PRICE IN  
THE FUTURE,  
WHEREVER  
I GO!

HEY, IF  
I WHACK  
CHICAGO'S  
FAMOUS RALLY  
VINCENT ONE  
ON ONE...

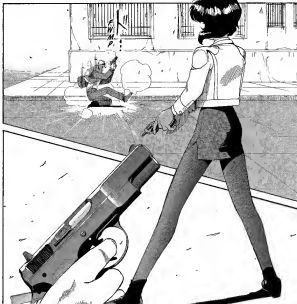
WHERE'S  
THE  
GIRL?

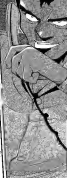
WHEN  
I  
DON'T  
EVEN  
HAVE A  
GUN? WHAT  
A  
JOKE!

DEAD  
LIKE  
YOU,  
BITCH!









# CHAPTER 7 HANG FIRE































I WENT  
OVER  
A WALL...

I  
TRIED  
TO  
SHAKE  
THEM IN  
CHINA-  
TOWN.



FOUR  
YEARS  
AGO, THE  
MOB WAS  
AFTER  
ME.

KEN, I  
DIDN'T  
HAVE  
ANY  
CHOICE.

MAY...



I THOUGHT  
FOR SURE  
THEY'D HAND  
ME OVER TO  
THE COPS,  
OR EVEN  
WORSE, THE  
MOB...

...AND RIGHT  
INTO THE BACK  
YARD OF THE  
PURPLE PUSSEY, ONE  
OF THE BOSS'S  
GUYS FOUND ME  
HIDING THERE  
A COUPLE  
OF HOURS  
LATER.



AT FIRST I  
JUST HELPED  
CLEANING  
ROOMS AND  
STUFF. BUT  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT I'M  
LIKE...SO I  
FINALLY GOT  
INTO THE  
GAME.

BUT INSTEAD  
THEY LET ME  
HIDE THERE.  
I WAS THERE  
FOR WEEKS...  
MONTHS. THEY  
LOOKED AFTER  
ME. THEY  
STUFFED ME  
WITH GOOD  
FOOD...



AND YOU CAN'T  
KEEP THE BEST  
WITHOUT BEING  
NICE TO THEM. THEY  
KNEW THAT, SO  
THEY WERE KIND  
AND FAIR...AND  
THEY PAID ME  
MORE MONEY  
THAN I'D  
EVER...

I KNOW  
WHAT  
YOU'RE  
THINKING...  
BUT IT WAS  
A CLASSY  
PLACE, ONLY  
THE 8-BEST  
GIRLS...



AHH...!











WHA--  
?!  
B-BUT YOU  
SAID--



LOOK...  
YOU'LL BE  
OUT OF  
HERE BY  
TOMORROW  
MORNING,  
RIGHT?

I AMN'T  
BUDGING, BADA.  
NOT UNTIL  
THE SYNDICATE  
GETS OUR  
TWENTY MIL.



AND  
NOW YOU  
CRASHED  
AME INTO  
IT!

BUT YOU  
USED  
THE SAME  
BOMB  
MAKER  
AS  
BEFORE!



THIS  
TIME WE'RE  
SETTIN' 'EM  
OFF  
UNTIL THEY  
COUGH UP  
EVERY LAST  
PENNY.

HEY, FOUR  
YEARS AGO  
THEY FOUND  
THE DAMN  
THING BEFORE  
IT WENT OFF.  
DIDN'T GET  
A GODDAMN  
CENT.



PLEASE GRAY--  
I'M APPEALING  
YOU DON'T GET  
ME ANY DEEPER  
INTO THIS!

I'VE FINALLY  
GOT A GOOD  
MAN WHO  
REALLY LOVES  
ME, SO I'M  
TRYING TO  
GET OUT OF  
THIS BUSINESS!



...OR I'LL TAKE  
YOUR "GOOD  
MAN," CUT HIS  
HEART OUT,  
AND FEED IT  
TO YOU!



SO  
QUIT  
YER  
WHIN-  
IN'..

I NEEDED  
TAKE BITCH!  
WHEN HE  
MAKES A  
BOMB, AND  
ONE CAN  
DISARM IS  
SEET



SMACK  
P!!



NOW  
IT'S TIME  
FOR A  
LITTLE  
DRIVE.



Shuuu!



HUH..?



WE'RE  
GONNA  
GO  
PICK  
IT UP.

THE  
DELIVERY  
BOY'LL BE  
AT THE  
SITE WITH  
THE NEW  
CAR ANY  
MINUTE  
NOW.



AND IF YOU  
WANNA GET  
THERE ALIVE,  
YOU BETTER  
BEHAVE  
YOURSELF,  
BITCH!





YEAH...

...AND  
IT GETS  
WORSE  
WHEN I'M  
UNDER  
STRESS.

IT SAYS  
YOU'VE  
GOT  
M.S....  
PY

WARR



BUT IF I  
MADE A DUD  
ON PURPOSE,  
RIGHT FROM  
THE START,  
THEY'D WHACK  
ME FOR SURE.

I  
WANT  
OUT  
OF THE  
SYNDI-  
CATE. MAYE



I HAD TO  
MAKE *BOTH*  
OF THEM  
PERFECT  
UNBEATABLE.

THIS TIME THEY  
WANTED  
TWO IDENTICAL  
BOMBS. NO WAY  
OF KNOWING  
WHICH WAS  
FOR THE DEMO  
BLAST AND WHICH  
WAS FOR REAL.



BUT  
WHEN IT  
COMES TO  
DISARMING  
THEM...

EVEN WITH MULTIPLE  
SCLEROSIS, I CAN  
STILL DO IT. I USE  
AN ASSISTANT TO  
ASSEMBLE THEM.  
AFTER THAT, I JUST  
ARM THEM, AND  
I'M HOME FREE.

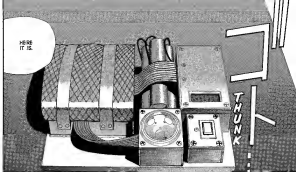


THE WORD'LL  
GET OUT THAT  
THE COPS CAN  
DISARM MY  
DEVICES NOW,  
AND THE  
SYNDICATE'LL  
DUMP ME, WHICH  
IS EXACTLY  
WHAT I WANT.

IF ALL  
GOES  
WELL...

...FOR  
THAT I  
NEED *MORE*  
THAN AN  
ASSISTANT.  
MAYE. I  
NEED A PRO.  
SOMEONE  
AS GOOD  
AS ME.







NOW  
ARE WE  
GONNA  
EVEN  
KNOW  
WHERE  
IT IS?

HEY,  
WAIT!  
THE  
CART!

FIRST  
YOU'LL WANT  
TO USE A  
SET OF  
CORNER JACKS  
TO FREEZE  
THE CAR  
POSITION...



SO IT KNOWS  
WHEN IT'S BEING  
MOVED. ONCE  
IT'S BEEN SET, IT'LL  
GO OFF IF YOU  
SHIFT THE CASE  
OR CHANGE THE  
CASE ORIENTATION  
MORE THAN  
THREE TIMES



...AND THAT IT'LL  
HAVE MICHIGAN  
PLATES THAT  
SHOULD  
NARROW IT  
DOWN ENOUGH

I DON'T  
KNOW THE  
EXACT MODEL,  
BUT I DO  
KNOW WHERE  
THEY'RE  
PARKING IT...



SO WE'RE NOW  
GOING TO GET  
MUCH SLEEP  
TONIGHT...

OHMY,  
MAY--WE'VE  
ONLY GOT  
TWENTY-SIX  
HOURS.



DIDN'T  
EVEN  
SPILL  
MY  
BEER.  
HAHA.

YOU  
BROUGHT  
HER  
OVER,  
NICE  
AND  
SMOOTH  
RIGHT?

ALL  
RIGHT,  
HERE'S  
YOUR  
FORTY  
BRAND.







# CHAPTER 8

## MISFIRE







LOOK, MINNIE—I  
SAW OUR GETAWAY  
MAN THIS MORNING.  
YOU KNOW, THE GUY  
WITH THE MEGA-JAW?  
HE WAS HEADED  
DOWNTOWN.



NOW,  
NOW,  
RALLY...  
WHERE  
I TAKE  
MY  
DATE?  
IS  
PRIVATE  
BUSI-  
NESS!

SOUNDS  
LIKE  
YOU'RE  
IN THE  
LOOP!

JUST  
CRUSH  
DOWN  
MONROE  
STREET.  
SWEETIE  
ON MY  
ARM...

WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?  
DOWN-  
TOWN?



...ARCHSUN  
PLATES...  
LICENSE  
NUMBER  
2DUC661.

IT'S  
DARK  
BLUE...



THAT'S  
THE GUY.  
HE WAS  
DRIVING  
AN OLD  
DATSUN  
280Z.  
SO KEEP  
YOUR EYES  
OPEN.

NO  
KIDDING!  
MISTER  
HEADBAND  
AND  
SHADES??



I'M ALL  
RIGHT,  
RALLY...  
DON'T  
WORRY.

...BUT THE GUY IS SOME  
KIND OF UNDERWORLD  
PRO, SO MAYBE HE'S NOT  
TOO HAPPY THAT YOU  
AND I SAW HIM. YOU  
KNOW WHAT I MEANT?

I  
KNOW  
THIS  
SOUNDS  
CRAZY...



WOW  
WOW...



BINGO!  
WE'VE  
BEEN  
GOING  
AT IT  
LIKE  
WEASELS!



DON'T  
TELL  
ME...  
THE  
ENTIRE  
TIME...?

UH...  
MAYBE...  
DEAR...?  
YOU  
SAID  
YOU  
HAD  
A  
DATE...





HERE'S  
THE  
KEY.



COOL.  
MAN.



YOU  
BETTER  
KEEP AN  
EYE PEELED.  
MAN, THE  
COPS ARE  
CRUISING  
IN FORCE  
TONIGHT





THEY'RE STOPPING  
ANYTHING  
WITH MICHIGAN  
PLATES, SO  
PLAY IT SAFE,  
OKAY?



DUNNO,  
BUT THE  
COPS ARE  
TEARIN' THE  
TOWN APART  
SEARCHING  
FOR  
NUMBER TWO.

CAN'T  
FIGURE WHY  
TERRORISTS  
WOULD HIT  
A PLACE LIKE  
THIS. NOT LIKE  
IT'S GONNA  
DO MUCH  
DAMAGE.

EXTORTION?  
MAYBE  
JUST  
TO SHOW  
WHAT  
THEY CAN  
DO?



I'M NOT SO  
OUT OF IT I  
NEED ADVICE  
FROM YOU,  
BUDDY.





GEEZ,  
BENNY!  
ABOUT  
SEVENTH  
CAR WAS  
MICHIGAN  
PLATES?

MAYN, OH,  
MAN, I DIDN'T  
REALIZE THIS  
GARAGE WAS  
SO DAMN  
MAYN.  
ALL THE WAY  
DOWN TO 8-1-1



DON'T  
YOU KNOW  
ANYTHING  
ELSE THAT  
CAN HELP US  
SPOT IT?

NOPE...THE  
SYNDICATE  
WAS IN  
CHARGE OF  
SETTING UP  
THE CAR.  
AFTER THAT,  
THEY GOT  
A PRO  
DRIVER TO  
BRING  
IT IN.

IT'S  
GONNA  
TAKE  
US  
MOVES  
TO  
CHECK  
THEM  
ALL!



OH  
WOW!

A PRO  
DRIVER...?



LOOK FOR  
AN OLD,  
DARK BLUE  
DATSUN 280Z,  
LICENSE PLATE  
ZD4C561!

IT'S THE  
GUY  
RALLY  
SAW. I'M  
POSITIVE!!

LOOK, I TOLD  
YA-I  
NEVER  
SAW THE  
DRIVER!

HE'S NOT  
A GUY  
WITH THIS  
BIG OL'  
JAW, IS  
HE?















YOUR  
JOB'S  
OVER,  
MAN.

STILL  
HANGING  
AROUND,  
BEAUTY?



THERE'S  
A PENALTY  
FOR FAKING  
A CARNO.  
SO YOU  
OWE ME.

LISTEN,  
GWY...I  
DON'T HAVE  
TIME FOR  
YOUR  
CRAP.



HUNT EVEN  
THE FISSIN'  
DRIVERS  
THINK THEY'RE  
HOT SHIT  
THESE  
DAYS!

GWY



I CHARGE  
100 GRAND  
FOR  
BREAKING A  
CONTRACT.  
GWY,  
HOPE YOU  
GOT IT  
ON YA.

SO...  
IT WAS  
ACTUALLY  
A  
BOMB.  
HUNT?

















YOU'VE GOT TO RELEASE THE PRIMER PROTECT SYSTEM UNDER THE CYRO— YOU GOT TWO MINUTES, FORTY SECONDS.



I SAID DON'T MOVE!



BASE THE SOUNDING ALL THE WAY OUT AND I SOUND





WHY USE A  
TIMER WHEN  
THE POWER'S  
OUT? WHY  
NOT JUST  
"BOOM!"  
?

HEY,  
EVERY-  
BODY  
MAKES  
MISTAKES.  
HUNT AND  
I LIKE  
LIVING!



**GTOK**

THREE  
MINUTES!



mm...

TWO  
MINUTES  
THIRTY!



EIGHT OF  
THOSE WIRES  
ARE REAL  
TIME TRIGGER  
SWITCHES.  
SO BE  
CAREFUL.



ACK!



**GYRO  
OFF!**





YOU DID IT HON.



--so it  
looks  
like Gray  
got out  
alive.





Those two days we had together were incredible, my love. Thank you forever...

Ken



I honestly pray you'll find a good man, settle down, be happy.



Darling, I'm so sorry, but I doubt we'll ever meet again.



I can't bear the thought of my Minnie-May and her friends being targets because of me.

I'm sure he's told the syndicate I betrayed them.



I'm going to have to go underground again, but deep this time.



# **CHAPTER 9**

## **JAMMING**





MY  
KEN'S  
ONLY  
THIRTY-FIVE,  
Y'KNOW!

YOU  
QUIT  
CALLING HIM  
MIDDLE-AGED,  
YOU  
COW!



INSTEAD OF MOODING  
AROUND AFTER SOME  
DIRTY OLD MAN WHO  
RAN OUT ON YOU.  
WHY DON'T YOU  
THINK ABOUT  
YOUR FUTURE  
FOR A CHANGE?

THAT'S  
MIDDLE-  
AGED  
ENOUGH  
FOR ME,  
MINNE-  
MAY!



I'M TALKING LOVE, NOT  
MATH! SHEESH! IF YOU  
THINK I'LL FORGET  
KEN OVER A FEW CHEAP  
DRINKS YOU ARE OUT OF  
YOUR PISTOL-PACKIN'  
MIND. BALLY  
VINCENT!

EIGHTEEN  
YEARS'  
DIFFER-  
ENCE! THAT'S  
ONE  
HELL OF  
AN AGE  
GAP!

WE  
SHOULD  
BE  
GETTING  
TO  
IT

PLEASE  
NO  
MATH!



YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE TRYING TO  
MAKE ME FEEL  
BETTER, SO STOP  
PREACHING AT  
ME LIKE YOU'RE  
MY DAMN  
MOTHER OR  
SOMETHING!

YOU SAID  
YOU'D TAKE ME  
ANYWHERE I  
WANTED TO GO.  
TREAT ME TO  
ANYTHING I  
WANTED  
TO EAT.





I THOUGHT I'D  
TRY AND CHEER  
YOU UP BECAUSE  
YOU'VE BEEN SO  
DEPRESSED OVER  
KEN, AND THIS IS  
WHAT I GET?!

YOU...  
YOU?!

YOU DON'T  
HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHAT  
I'M GOING  
THROUGH, YOU...  
YOU OLD  
MAID!!

FACE IT...  
YOU'RE JUST  
JEALOUS, RALLY!!  
I KNOW MORE ABOUT  
LOVE THAN YOU  
EVER WILL!



I'M  
GOING  
HOME!

YOU'RE  
NOT MY  
MOTHER,  
RALLY VINCENT!

YOU  
COME  
BACK HERE  
RIGHT  
NOW,  
VINCE-MAY  
HOPKINS!!

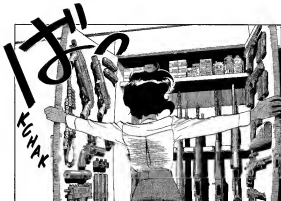














JUST  
HIS LEG  
AND  
BOTH  
SHOULDERS.

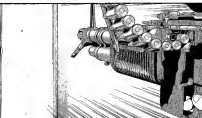
SITCH!  
YOU  
SHOT  
JOHN!

WHY,  
HEL-  
LO  
THERE,  
MISTER  
BUR-  
GLAR!



GOD,  
IT  
HURTS...









AT THE GUN STORE, DEARY?



DADDY?! I CAN HEAR SHOOTING NEXT DOOR.



I'M SURE SHE'S JUST PRACTICING IN HER BASEMENT OR SOMETHING, DEAR.









YOU  
BETTER  
SNAG  
HER SO  
SHE  
CAN'T  
GET  
THE  
COPS!

WHAT?  
!!

BLUD!  
SOME KID'S  
COMING TO  
THE FRONT  
DOOR!



OH  
NO!



WATCH  
YER  
ASS.  
RALLY  
!!

MINNIE-  
MAY  
IS  
BACK  
!!







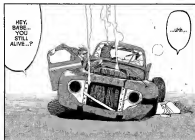














IT'S  
COOL!  
REALLY!

AW,  
QUIT  
IT,  
GIRL!



HEY,  
SOMETIMES  
WE ALL WANT  
TO SMASH  
SOMETHING!

R-  
REALLY ?!



I THOUGHT  
OF  
APOLOGIZING  
RIGHT AWAY,  
BUT, YOU  
KNOW...

IT  
WAS,  
LIKE,  
TOO  
HARD. I  
COULDN'T  
COME  
HOME  
SOBER,  
SO I-



GACK  
?!



SO I'LL  
BUY YOU  
ANOTHER  
STUPID  
"PUSSY-  
WUSSY"  
...!

OH,  
YEAH?!  
JUST  
LOOK AT  
WIDDLE  
"PUSSY-  
WUSSY"  
...!

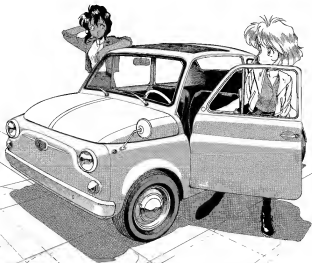
HEY, I  
DIDN'T  
DO IT!  
IT'S JUST  
THE DOOR  
AND  
WALLS,  
ANY-WAY!

WHAT  
THE HELL  
IS THIS  
CRAP?!  
MY  
ROOM'S  
ALL SHOT  
FULL OF  
HOLES!

UAAA  
GACK!  
HE... I'M  
KINDA  
DRUNK  
HERE...

# **CHAPTER 10**

## **MUZZLE & EDGE**























THAT'S  
WHY  
I NEED  
MORE  
TIME!

IT'S ALL  
TRUE!  
EVERY  
WORD!

SO  
THAT'S  
THE WAY  
YOU WANT  
TO PLAY THIS  
HUNT?

SO  
I'LL JUST  
HAVE TO  
MAKE  
YOU  
LET ME  
GO!

AFTER ALL  
THAT 'I'M  
INNOCENT'  
CRAP!



THE  
GUYS  
ON  
YOUR  
SIDE!

HILL  
POSTED  
YOUR BAIL,  
GIRL!



HE DOESN'T WANT  
ME SPILLING HIS  
NAME IN COURT!  
ON THE STAND!  
*IN FRONT OF  
THE PRESS!*

LISTEN,  
DUMBASS!  
THE HIT  
MAN WAS  
HILL'S  
NEPHEW!



...WHY  
NOT...

IF YOU  
KNOW  
THAT  
MUCH,  
THEN...

WHACK!







YOU CHOP UP  
MY EIGHTEEN  
HUNDRED  
DOLLAR SIG  
P-210 AND  
YOU STILL  
THINK I'LL LET  
YOU GO??



HOW  
YOU  
LISTEN TO ME,  
MISTY  
BROWN!!

B-BUT...IF I'M  
UNDER HILL'S  
PROTECTION I'LL  
JUST GET WHACKED  
IN SOME "ACCIDENT."  
AND EVEN IF YOU  
GET ME LOCKED UP  
NOW, HE'LL FIND  
OUT I TRIED TO  
GET AWAY...



LOOK,  
I NEVER  
REFUSED TO GET  
OFF SCOT-  
FREE!

FLAT  
ON THE  
ROOF,  
FACE  
DOWN!



HAHA...IT ALL SEEMS  
TO MAKE SENSE...BUT  
I DUNNO...THE WAY  
SHE WENT AT ME...



OKAY,  
DROP  
THE KNIFE!

...AND HE'LL  
SET AT ME  
IN PRISON.  
THE MAN  
HAS  
CONNECTIONS.



MY ONLY  
WAY OUT  
OF THIS IS  
TO GET MY  
ASS NAILED TO THE  
WALL.

はっ!  
AH!

FWAA!







JUDGE  
WILL  
KICK  
YOUR  
ASS,  
OLD  
LADY!!

NOW,  
NOW...  
BETTER  
NOT SHOOT  
A FLEEING  
SUSPECT  
IN THE  
BACK, HEY?



**FWHAM!**

**SUCKER!**

**SKAM SKAM SKAM**

**EEP!**







KANG KANG KANG KANG

RUN  
RUN  
RUN  
2

OH.  
YEAH?  
AND  
WHO'S  
THE IDIOT  
WHO  
STARTED  
THIS.  
HUH?

IT'S  
YOUR  
FAULT  
FOR  
JUMPING  
DOWN SO  
HARD

AND WHO'S THE IDIOT WHO CUT OFF MY SKIRT, HUNNY?

AT  
LEAST  
I'M  
NOT  
RUNNING  
AROUND  
IN MY  
UNDER-  
WEAR!

**JUST  
TWO  
MORE  
FLOORS!**

WAH! IT'S  
GOING  
OVER!

スクラップ

CANG  
CANG  
CANG  
CANG  
CANG  
CANG

100











THANK YOU!

YOU  
NABBED  
MISTY  
T!

REAL-  
LYP





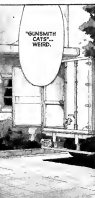
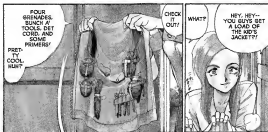


# **CHAPTER 11**

## **MAGNUM PRIMER**









WHY THAT  
LITTLE...  
GRRR!



EH...?



MINNIE-  
MAY...??







WE, HEHEH... I WAS  
TALKING ONE OF THE  
GANG MEMBERS,  
SHIPPING FOR SOME  
INFO, AND... IT—  
THEY CAUGHT  
ME.



**BECKY  
?!  
WHAT THE  
HELL ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?!**

THEY  
GOT  
YOU,  
TOO,  
MAY  
??



THEY USED  
SLEEPING  
GAS. FOR  
PETE'S SAKE.  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW WHAT  
HIT ME.

WOW, THIS  
IS UNUSUAL...  
BOMB GIRL  
GOT  
HER FUSE  
CLIPPED?!



A BUNCH OF  
GUNMEN HIT THE  
STORE. CAUGHT  
ME WITH MY  
PANTS DOWN.  
G'D TO  
GUM.

AND  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
YOU,  
LITTLE  
MISS  
MAY?!



"GRAY"  
...?



YEP—THEIR  
BOSS GRAY  
AND  
EVERYONE  
ARE PRODS...  
THE REAL  
THING.

AR-  
MAH!  
SO THAT'S  
WHY  
WE--



IT'S NOT A  
JOKE THIS  
TIME,  
MAY. THESE  
GUYS ARE  
DAMNED  
GOOD!

WORD ON THE  
STREET SAYS  
THEY'RE GOING  
AFTER THE LOCAL  
MAYOR. THEY'VE BEEN  
HITTING GUN STORES  
LEFT AND RIGHT TO  
GET SUPPLIES.



AND I WOULDN'T  
TALK SO BIG.  
BECKY FARRAH. I  
THOUGHT YOU  
WERE SUPPOSED  
TO BE MISS  
"SUPER-  
REPORTER."



TH  
CHAK TH

HEADS  
UP,  
GUYS!  
THE  
BOSS  
IS  
BACK!

OUTTA  
THE  
TRAILER!  
GET  
READY!



YES, SIR!  
THEY'RE  
IN THE  
RIG,  
SIR!

LEAVE  
ME  
SEE!



HAVE WE  
GOT ENOUGH  
GUNS?

YOU  
BET, BOSS!  
MAJON  
SCORE!



WE  
TAP  
THE  
TAP  
WE  
TAP  
WE  
TAP



LOOKS LIKE  
YOU BOYS  
FOUND  
YOURSELVES  
GUITE A  
SHOP.

MAN, THEY  
HAD STOCK LIKE  
YOU WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE. GARY  
CAME WITH A  
BOOBY FREE  
THOUGH...

WELL, NOT SHIT...  
A LOT OF THIS  
STUFF AIN'T  
EVEN ON THE  
MARKET.





IT'S MY  
"FIRST  
AID KIT,"  
RIGHT?



DO  
YOU  
ALWAYS  
WEAR  
SHOES  
LIKE  
THAT?

MAYE,  
YOU'RE  
A  
WON-  
DER.



HAH!  
GOTTA  
BE  
HIM!

HUH?  
YOU  
KNOW  
HIM,  
MAYE?



SO, TELL ME ABOUT  
THIS GUY THEY CALL  
GAWY...HE WOULDN'T  
HAPPEN TO BE A GREAT  
BIG BLACK DUDE MINUS  
A RIGHT HAND,  
WOULD HE?



IF I HAD MY  
DRUTHERS, I'D TRY  
THE WINDOW. BUT  
THERE'S NO ROOM  
TO GET MY HEAD  
THROUGH...



...BUT HE'S  
A BAW SON OF  
OF A BITCH.  
THAT'S  
FOR  
SURE.

WELL,  
I DON'T  
KNOW  
ABOUT  
THE  
HAND...



OH,  
RIGHT? IF  
YOUR BUTT  
WASN'T  
SO BIG,  
RECKY, WE'D  
BE OUT OF  
HERE BY  
NOW!



SO,  
UH...  
WHAT  
ARE  
YOU  
DOING?









Y A R G H!



SHIFT  
IT



KRANG

CH  
H  
N  
G



THOSE TWO  
CHECKS MADE  
A BREAK FOR  
IT! GET A  
COUPLE GUYS  
ON THE GATES,  
FRONT AND  
BACK!

YO!  
WHAT'S  
UP,  
BOSS?



HEY!



YEAH, IF HE HADN'T  
SCREWED UP THAT  
BOMBS DEAL, WE'D  
HAVE MONEY TO  
BUY THE BUNS, BUT  
THE GUYS UPSTAIRS  
CUT OFF HIS  
CASE...

DAMN!  
CAN'T  
MAKE NO  
MONEY!  
JUST LIKE  
THE BOSS,  
HUH?















YO THERE,  
SWEET  
THING.



FOR  
INSTANCE...

TELL ME  
WHAT I WANNA  
KNOW, AND  
JUST MAYBE  
YOU DON'T  
GOTTA DIE.



...OR  
MAYBE  
WHERE  
KEN  
TAKE'S  
HIDING  
OUT.

...ALL ABOUT  
THE BITCH  
WHO BLEW  
OFF THE  
HAND OF  
MINE...



THEN  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW  
WHERE  
HE IS  
EITHER...?

KEN'S  
"HIDING  
OUT"...?



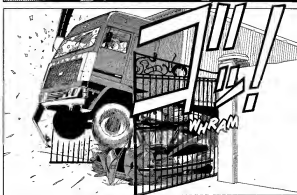
PUT  
'EM  
DOWN,  
KID.

















# **CHAPTER 12**

## **SIGHT IN**







'CAUSE I  
DONT  
LIKE IT.  
*THAT'S*  
WHY!



IT'S ONLY  
A MATTER  
OF TIME  
BEFORE HE  
TRACKS US  
DOWN. SO...

...WHY NOT  
HAVE THE  
COPS  
PROTECT  
US FOR  
A CHANGE?



THE  
COPS'LL  
NEVER  
CATCH HIM.  
NOT THAT  
GUY.  
NEVER!



GRAY'S  
NO  
IDIOT—  
HE'LL  
FIGURE  
OUT  
WHAT'S  
WHAT



IF GRAY'S MEN  
TRACK HIM DOWN  
WHILE WE'RE  
LETTING THE COPS  
DICK AROUND ON  
THIS CASE, HE'S  
DEAD! DEAD!



AND  
MEANWHILE,  
MEN'S  
STILL OUT  
THERE!





HE'S OUT THERE  
TEARING CHICAGO  
APART LOOKING  
FOR US! ALL WE  
HAVE TO DO IS  
WAIT, AND HE'LL  
WALK RIGHT INTO  
OUR HANDS!



THE SOONER  
WE FIND  
GRAY AND  
STOP  
HIM, THE  
*BETTER!*



IF IT  
WASN'T FOR  
KEN, WE'D  
HAVE BEEN  
HAMBURGER  
WHEN THE  
BOMB WENT  
OFF! YOU  
OWE HIM,  
RALLY!



THESE  
GUYS AREN'T  
NORMAL  
SCUMBAGS!  
THEY'RE MORE  
LIKE SOME  
TERRORIST  
ARMY! WE'D  
HAVE TO BE  
WILLYS TO GO  
UP AGAINST  
THEM!



*IT'S  
TOO  
DAMN  
RISKY  
!!*



WE GOT  
*THIS*  
FAR BY  
WORKING  
TOGETHER,  
DIDN'T WE?!



WE CAN  
IF WE  
ALL WORK  
TOGETHER!



AND WHO'S  
TO SAY  
INNOCENT  
PEOPLE  
WON'T GET  
CAUGHT  
IN THE  
CROSSFIRE?!



LOOK--EVEN  
IF WE TAKE  
OUT GRAY,  
WE COULD  
WIND UP IN  
THE SLAMMER  
OURSELVES!











WHAT  
LUCK I  
SPOTTED  
IT.  
YES,  
YES.

THERE WAS STUFF ON  
IT OFF THE LIST WE  
GOT FROM HIGH BRIDGE  
ARMS AND PETE'S  
GUNS. TOO...NOT JUST  
YOUR  
BOOBS.



MAY WAS GONE.  
TURNS OUT SHE WAS  
TALKING THEM. BUT I  
THOUGHT SHE'D BEEN  
KIDNAPPED AND WHEN  
SHE GOT BACK AND  
TOLD ME ABOUT THE  
TRUCK, ALL I COULD  
THINK ABOUT WAS  
FINDING THOSE  
BASTARDS...

LUCK,  
HURF WHY  
DIDNT  
YOU  
CALL US  
AS SOON  
AS YOUR  
STORE  
GOT  
HIT?



NO  
COM-  
MENT

BOY,  
WOULD I  
EVER LIE  
TO  
YOU?

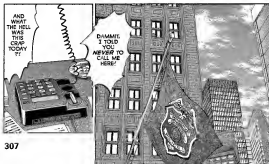
CROSS  
YOUR  
HEART?



RALLY..  
YOU SAID  
YOU FOUND  
THIS  
YOURSELF?

YEP,  
BUT ONLY  
'CAUSE  
MINNIE-  
MAY  
SAW IT  
LEAVE.

WE'VE  
BEEN  
HUNTING  
AROUND  
SINCE  
NOON  
LOOKING  
FOR THIS  
THING.





HEY,  
CHIEF—



AND WHAT ABOUT OUR  
DEAL? I'M  
GETTING A  
LITTLE TIRED  
OF WAITING  
FOR YOU TO  
DELIVER  
THOSE MOB  
BOYS!



THAT WAS YOUR  
GODDAMNED  
TRUCK, RIGHT?  
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE,  
GRAY, WE FIND A  
TRUCK PACKED  
WITH STOLEN BUNS.  
WE GOT NO  
CHOICE BUT TO  
MOVE!



I'LL GIVE  
YOU THE  
WISBUNTS  
AND THE  
COONS. NO  
PROB.

HEY, CHILL  
OUT, CHIEF.  
I AMN'T  
BREAKIN' NO  
PROMISES.



Y-YES,  
SEN!

I'M  
ON THE  
GOD-  
DAMNED  
PHONE,  
MORROW!  
GET  
OUT!



HEY,  
MAN.  
THANKS.

NOW  
I'M  
SITTING  
ON  
THAT  
FOR  
YOU,  
TOO!

DAMN, RIGHT.  
YOU WILL  
SOMEONE  
TYPED US  
OFF ON YOUR  
HIDEOUT  
TODAY,  
PAL.



HEY,  
DON'T  
SWEAT IT.  
IT'S  
SMALL  
CHANGE.

THIS  
PART  
OF THE  
DEAL,  
TOO!

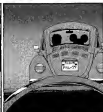
BUT I  
GOT ONE  
RE-  
QUEST...

























CAUSE YOU'RE  
ABOUT AS CUTE  
AS "MARRIE"  
ACROSS ANY  
HOPKINS!"

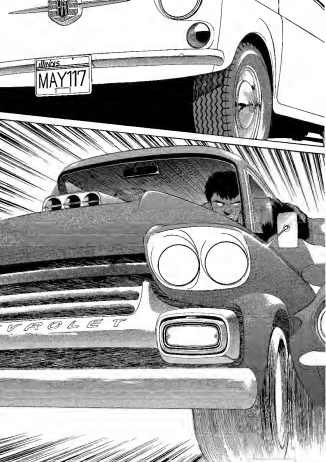


WELL, IN  
THAT CASE,  
HOW ABOUT  
"MARRIE"  
HIMSELF?











THANK  
GOD  
FOR MY  
ROLL  
BAR!

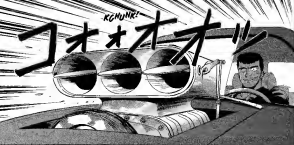












UNLIKE A REGULAR TURBO, A SUPERCHARGER USES A MECHANICAL LINK WITH THE ENGINE TO SPIN THE TURBINE







A HUNDRED  
AND THIRTY.  
BARE. FIRST  
TIME IN YOUR  
LIFE. I'LL  
BETCHA.  
HEY?

THIS IS  
LIKE, SO  
AWESOME!  
HOW FAST  
ARE WE  
GOING?



WHY?  
Oo



GET  
REAL! WE  
GO ANY  
FASTER,  
WE'LL  
BE IN  
ORBIT!

MAKE  
IT GO  
FASTER!



NOT A  
CAR ON THE  
ROAD CAN  
BEAT THIS  
MACHINE!

HEY, THIS  
BABY'S A  
RACE-TUNED  
TOP OF THE  
LINE SUPRA!



HAW HAW  
NICE TRY,  
BUT NO  
WAY!

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
COMING  
UP BEHIND  
US—SUPER  
FAST!



HEY...?

WHAT'S  
UP, BABE?

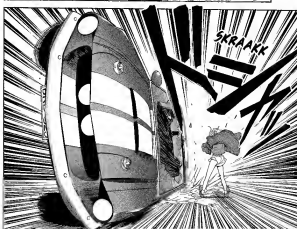


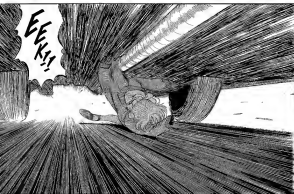


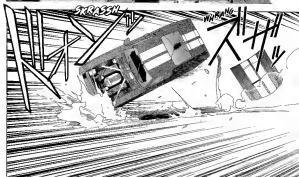








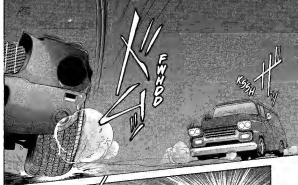






OH-NO! ALL SORTS OF ASHES









SHUT UP  
AND TOSS  
ME ONE  
OF THOSE  
GUNS!

WHAT THE  
HELL IS THIS,  
BOSS? YOU  
SAID YOU'D  
KEEP THE COPS  
OFF OUR ASS!



YOU'RE  
CRAZY,  
GRAY! I'M  
GIVING UP,  
MAN!



HE'S  
COM-  
ING  
OUT!













YO, BABE!



VERY TASTY BOB BITCH!

OH, YEAH?



...I'M  
CHOPPING  
OFF YOUR  
FRIGGIN'  
HAND!!



BUT  
BEFORE  
WE  
GET IT  
ON...



NING!



ZZZZ



WHAT  
THE  
F--??



HEY,  
"DARK"  
WANTS  
TO PLAY  
TOO!



HOLY  
SHIT!!







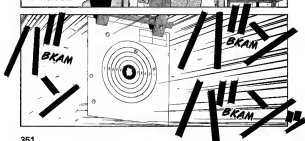
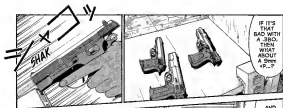


# **CHAPTER 13**

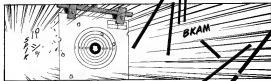


**HARD  
TOUCH**















BMW 3002 TURBO





















THNK  
B-B-BKAM  
BKAM









...GIVES US TIME TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN, RIGHT? ALL KINDS OF FUN...



WE LEFT HER SOME HINTS, SEE... JUST IN CASE YOU CAME ALONG.

DIDN'T THINK YOU'D GET HERE SO FAST, BUT HEY...



DAMN... THEY HAD A CAMERA ON THE DOOR.



NOW!

FOR STARTERS, WHY DON'T YOU PUT YOUR GUNS ON THE FLOOR?



C'MON—YOU TOO!!









MY  
GIRL  
RIBS!

AGAIN!  
I CAN'T  
HIT A  
THING!



KSHAK



CHIK



IT HURTS  
SO  
MUCH I  
SQUEEZED  
TOO  
HARD!

OH  
SHIT!















**CHAPTER 13 / END**

# CHAPTER 14

## WOOD

### BULLET













AGHNT? YOU'RE IN BAD SHAPE NOW, YOUNG LADY.



IF IT HURTS THAT MUCH, MY DEAR, THEN...  
...THEY PROBABLY ARE BROKEN.



OPPOH!

BUT FIRST I WANT TO CLEAN THESE...



SO ARE THEY BROKEN?

I WON'T KNOW UNTIL I SEE THE X-RAYS.

SILLY GIRL... CARRYING ON LIKE THAT WHEN YOU'VE ALREADY CRACKED YOUR RIBS.



WHA...??

YOU ARE CHECKING IN TO THIS HOSPITAL NOW, FOR FOUR OR FIVE DAYS AT LEAST.



DAMN IT, GIRL! THIS IS NOT OPEN TO NEGOTIATION!

OH, SEE... HOW ABOUT TWO...?



AND I'M TELLING YOU AS A FORMER MEDIC IN THE MARINE CORPS, I SWEAR I WILL TAPE YOU TO THIS BED IF I HAVE TO!

A YOUNG WOMAN LIKE YOU HAS TO TAKE CARE OF HER BODY!



WELL, I GUESS THEY WON'T DIE IN JUST FIVE DAYS...

GET THE PICTURE?! TRY TO LEAVE AND I'LL PUT YOU UNDER RESTRAINT!

HEY!! ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!



HEY, SHE HAD A STASH OF ILLEGAL FULL AUTO ASSAULT RIFLES, DIDN'T SHE?



WHAT'S A GUN SHOP DONE WITH A BUILT-IN PRISON CELL, ANYWAY?



HEY...



WITH  
THIS  
LOUSY  
TRINKET



ANY  
LUCK  
WITH  
THE  
FRIGGING  
LOCKT



SO  
WHAT  
THE  
HELL  
ARE  
YOU  
SUR-  
PRISED  
AT?



FOR-  
GET  
IT!



SO?/  
WHO  
GIVES  
A SHIT?  
WE  
GOTTA  
GET  
OUTTA  
HERE!!

THOSE  
DUMB  
BITCHES'LL  
NEVER  
MAKE  
IT  
IN  
TIME.



HEY, LOOK AT  
IT THIS WAY--  
WE  
SENT  
OUT  
THE  
ORDER  
TO  
WHACK  
KEN  
TWO  
DAYS  
AGO.



THAT  
MEAL  
SLOT  
IS  
LOW  
ENOUGH  
SO  
THAT  
WHEN  
THEY  
HIT  
THE  
FLOOR  
WE  
CAN  
REACH  
THEM.

YEAH,  
THAT  
OUGHTA  
TA  
WORK.  
KEN--  
CAN'T  
WAIT  
FOR  
DINNER  
TOD-NIGHT!



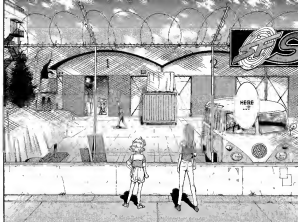
SO  
WE  
POUR  
WATER  
ON  
THE  
FLOOR  
UNDER  
THE  
DOOR,  
AND  
THE  
NEXT  
TIME  
THEY  
BRING  
THE  
FOOD,  
WE  
ZAP 'EM!

HEY...  
GOOD  
IDEA,  
MAN!



HEY, NO  
SWEAT  
PAL.  
LOOK--  
WE  
GOT  
AN  
ELECTRIC  
CORD...

...AND  
WE  
GOT  
WATER,  
RIGHT?

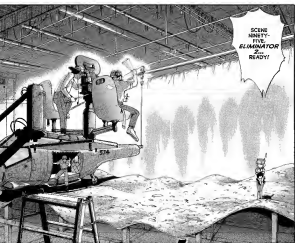


I'VE GOT A  
PRETTY GOOD IDEA  
WHERE HE'S  
GONNA  
TO BE!



DON'T  
WORRY!  
IT'S AKA.  
REMEMBER  
...?

SCENE  
NINETY-  
FIVE.  
ELIMINATOR  
2...  
READY!



ACTION!



カッ

KTAK











SURE, BOSS. I CAN DO IT IN TWENTY.



HEY, JOE. SORRY TO BUSH YOU, BUT CAN YOU RESET ALL THE CHARGES BY THEM?

BREAK! BACK! ON IN FORTY-FIVE!



THAT WAS BUCK STOPPING THOSE LAST THREE SQUARES LIKE THAT

WE COULD HAVE ENDED UP WITH SPIT-ROASTED STEAK.



THANKS!

YOU'RE BAWN GOOD, JOE.



KAY! BYE-BYE!

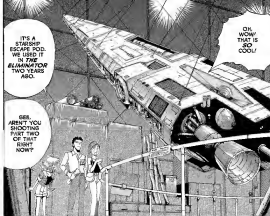
RUN AND HAVE THE DOCTOR TAKE A LOOK AT IT, DEAR.



OCH... I THINK I GOT AN OAWIE.







IT'S A  
STARSHIP  
ESCAPE POD.  
WE USED IT  
IN THE  
ELIMINATOR  
TWO YEARS  
AGO.

OH,  
WOW!  
THAT IS  
SO  
COOL!

SEE,  
AREN'T YOU  
SHOOTING  
PART TWO  
OF THAT  
RIGHT  
NOW?



OH,  
GEE,  
SORRY!

I CAN'T  
TALK ABOUT  
THAT. NO TOURS  
UNTIL IT'S  
IN THE CAN.

HEH?  
SORRY,  
NO.



BUT HOW  
CAN I GET  
ONTO  
THE SET?

AREN'T  
YOU GOING  
TO IN  
DOING  
SPECIAL  
EFFECTS?

















\*EXPLOSIVE ROUNDS: A HOLE IS DRILLED IN THE BULLET, PACKED WITH GUNPOWDER, AND SEALED WITH A PRIMER. YOU WON'T FIND THEM IN YOUR LOCAL WMMO SHOP!













\*SO YOU CAN STILL FEEL PAIN... BUT THE BULLETS THEMSELVES DISINTEGRATE AFTER FIRING





# CHAPTER 15

## MEDICAL SHOT



SO GRAY  
KNOWS THIS  
"JOE HAMELL"  
GUY WAS  
REALLY KEN  
THAT? I SURE  
HOPE HE  
BELIEVES  
IT

HMM... "FOUR-  
ALARM FIRE AT  
STARBURG FILM  
STUDIO IN LOS  
ANGELES. SPECIAL  
EFFECTS  
TECHNICIAN  
JOE HAMELL'S  
SEVERELY BURNED  
BODY FOUND  
AT THE  
SCENE..."

NO  
SHIT?  
?

THAT WAS THE  
FIRST HIT MAN  
GRAY SENT IN.  
KEN WASTED HIM  
AND STASHED  
THE BODY FOR  
LATER.

SO WHO  
WAS IT,  
REALLY? THE  
BODY, I MEAN.

KEN HAD  
IT ALL  
FIGURED  
OUT, SEET?

WAIT 'TIL  
YOU HEAR  
THE  
REST!

YOU'RE  
KIDDING.  
YOU  
MEAN HE  
PLANNED  
TO USE  
THE FIRST  
ASSASSIN  
LIKE  
THAT?















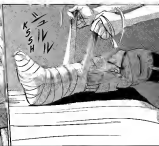


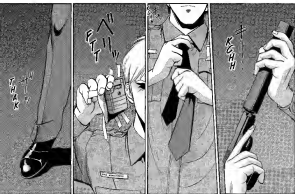




























IT'LL  
GO  
UP  
ANY  
SEC-  
OND.











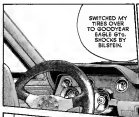


CAN'T WAIT  
TO GIVE  
IT SOME  
REHAB!

HIDE  
HIDE  
HIDE  
♪

# CHAPTER 16 BEAN





SWITCHED MY  
TIRES OVER  
TO GOODYEAR  
EAGLE GTs.  
SHOCKS BY  
BELFEL.



NEW  
LEATHER  
STEERING  
WHEEL.  
RECARO  
SEATS TO  
MATCH.



SINCE  
WHEN  
ARE YOU  
ROLLING  
IN CASH?

HOLD  
ON A  
SEC'

AND THE  
PRICE OF  
RESISTANCE:  
A FULL  
ENGINE  
TUNE-UP!



I CAN'T  
GET COLLISION  
INSURANCE.  
BOY--JUST FYI  
AND P/D, I'M ON  
EVERYBODY'S  
SLACKLIST. "REALLY  
THE WRECKER."  
THEY CALL ME.

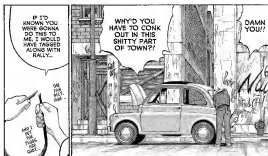
SEEZ...YOU  
HAVE ALL THE  
LUCK. I HAD  
TO USE MY  
INSURANCE TO  
FIX MY BEETLE...  
HELLO, RARE  
RAISE CITY.



HE  
OFFERED  
TO PAY  
FOR  
EVERY-  
THING.  
IF I  
DIDN'T  
SUE.

REMEMBER  
THE GIRL WHO  
RAN OUT IN  
FRONT OF ME  
THAT NIGHT--THE  
ONE THAT MADE  
ME CRASH?  
TURNS OUT  
HER FATHER'S  
REALLY RICH.







BROTHER,  
ALERT?



MY  
BROTHER'LL  
BE BACK  
ANY  
MINUTE  
NOW.



N-NO  
THANKS,  
I'M  
FINE.



I  
KNOW  
HIS.

HEY!



BALL-SHIT KID.  
THE DRIVER  
SEAT'S ALL  
THE WAY  
FORWARD.

YOU'RE  
ALONE.



SHE USED TO  
WORK IN THAT  
WHOREHOUSE  
IN CHINATOWN—  
THE PURPLE  
PUSSY!



MAN, SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT'S AHEAD, HUN?

YOU MEAN SHE WAS A PRO WHEN SHE WAS EVEN YOUNGER?

BEFORE THE COMA BROKE UP, THE BOSS TOOK ME...

I DUNNO... MAYBE TWO, THREE YEARS AGO?

NO SHIT, MANT WHEN WAS THAT?



AND WE'LL GET FOP DOLLAR FOR HER AFTERWARDS...

NOT LITTLE BLONDE WITH THE TECHNIQUE OF A TOP CHINK WHOREHOUSE... SHEE-IT, CAN'T SAY NO TO THAT!



AND IF IT'S SUCH RELIABLE INFO, WHY DOESN'T THE PRISON STOP HIM?

WHO'S THE SOURCE? ONE OF YOUR OWN INFORMANTS ON THE INSIDE?









DON'T  
EXPECT  
ME TO  
FIX THE  
TICKET IF  
YOU GET  
HAILED, GRL!

WHAT GOT  
HER SO  
EXCITED?



I'VE  
HEARD  
IT SO  
MANY  
TIMES  
BEFORE.

I KNOW  
EXACTLY  
WHAT THAT  
PANT  
SOUND WAS!



THAT  
WAS A  
GEE-  
NABBY!

NOT A  
BACKFIRE... NOT A  
GUNSHOT.



MIN-  
NIE-  
MAY!

FACTOR IN  
THE WIND  
DIRECTION,  
AND IT WAS  
TO BE THE  
WEST SIDE.

























BEAN...?  
BEAN  
BANDIT?!

HEY,  
LFL  
LADY.  
BEEN  
A  
WILD.



RALLY,  
IT'S OKAY!  
HE SAVED  
ME!



BACK AWAY  
FROM HER!  
*SLOWLY!*



YOU  
WAS  
POINTING  
THAT  
THING  
SOME-  
WHERE  
ELSE?



SAVED?  
GUESS  
YOU  
COULD  
PUT IT  
THAT  
WAY.

SH?



I DIDN'T  
AIM TO  
HELP YOUR  
FRIEND.  
IT JUST  
TURNED  
OUT THAT  
WAY.

HEY, I JUST  
KICKED  
THE BUTTS  
OF SOME  
SLEAZY  
PUNK WHO  
THOUGHT  
IT WAS FUN  
TO HARASS  
A KID.



DON'T  
THINK IT  
MEANS  
I OWE  
YOU  
ANY-  
THING!

WHY'D  
YOU  
GET IN-  
VOLVED  
HERE?



NOT  
SINCE  
WE  
PLAYED  
"DISARM  
THE  
BOOM!"  
HEY?

HEHHEH -  
IT  
REALLY  
WAS  
BEEN A  
LONG  
TIME.









IT'S YOU  
WHO'S  
BEEN  
HELPING  
GRAY,  
RIGHT?!

I'VE GOT A  
QUESTION.  
MR. B ANDIT?

SO FIRST  
YOU TAIL ME,  
THEN YOU  
CALL ME!  
WHAT'S UP?



JUST  
CALL  
ME  
BEAN!

HEY,  
DROP  
THE  
"MISTER,"  
GIRL.



YOU CALL YOURSELF  
A PROFFY WHEN  
YOU DONT EVEN  
CARE IF SOMEONE'S  
A VIOLENT CRIMINAL?  
OR YOUR OWN  
ENEMY? WELL?!

NO  
COM-  
MENT!

DAMN  
YOU,  
BEAN!



BESIDES.  
ARE YOU  
ANY BETTER,  
BOUNTY  
HUNTER?!

HEY,  
MONEY  
HEALS  
ALL  
WOUNDS.

I'D  
DRIVE  
A LITTLE  
SLOWER  
IF I  
WAS  
YOU,  
GIRL.

WHAT  
KIND OF  
LAME  
EXCUSE  
IS  
*THAT?*!

HELPING CRIMINALS  
BREAK OUT AND  
BRINGING THEM  
IN SOUND LIKE  
TWO DIFFERENT  
THINGS TO ME!

GO AHEAD,  
THEN! TAKE  
THE NEXT  
CURVE AT  
ONE-TWENTY!

OH,  
REALLY?  
WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
BEATY?  
I'D A  
GIRL! CATCH  
YOU?

COME ON,  
VINCENT.  
A GUY LIKE  
THAT CAN  
RUN HIS  
WHOLE  
SYNDICATE  
FROM BEHIND  
BARS.

SPEED  
LIMIT  
**55**

EH?

SKREEEE

2P 101





WELL, THAT'S  
WHAT I GET  
FOR CORNERING  
ON BRAND  
NEW TIRES...

OH, YEAH...  
THEY WEREN'T  
BROKEN IN YET.



JUST WAIT  
UNTIL I'M  
BACK IN  
FORM,  
BUDDY!

BEAN  
BANDIT,  
YOU RAT.



## MAY'S ROOTS

1. **Introduction**  
 2. **Background**  
 3. **Methodology**  
 4. **Results**  
 5. **Conclusion**  
 6. **References**

1990s in the context of the  
 1990s in the context of the  
 1990s in the context of the  
 1990s in the context of the

FACE A  
MIRROR ON  
THEIR  
LEFT AND  
RIGHT EYE  
LOOK TWO  
FOUR AND  
FIVE  
AND THEY  
EXPLODE IN  
OUR AGE  
AND WITH  
THEY HAVE  
RECEIVED  
AND  
RECEIVED

COME ON!! BEING BORN  
A BOY MEANS YOU  
GOTTA DO THIS KINDA  
STUFF ONCE OR  
TWICE. RIGHT!?

## RALLY'S ROOTS

IT GAVE YOUR LITTLE GIRL-SCHOOL PRIDE,  
ABOUT THE SIZE OF 1 YEAR CORN, WHICH FURNISHED  
LIVE LITTLE GARDEN OF EDIBLE FOOD  
BEFORE THE WINTER  
PERMANENTLY  
FARMHOUSE GARDEN  
ALL YEAR

I GOT MY DICK

OOO, I WANT COOL

DON'T THINK THEY SELL THEM ANYMORE.

DON'T THINK THEY'RE A LITTLE OLD FOR YOU?

HEY, THAT

For the story itself, you can largely thank your own Hollywood action films. I've always really enjoyed American gun-action movies, films like *The French Connection*, or even on the comic side *The Blues Brothers*. In fact, when I started *Gunsmith Cats*, I was way into *The Blues Brothers* and had seen it a bunch of times. So that was a big influence.

At that time, I still hadn't actually been to Chicago. You can do book research, but I didn't get to Chicago until later. And as for the idea of bounty hunters and the police procedural stuff, in the beginning, I was flying by the seat of my pants. I knew you had bounty hunters in America, I knew these two women were really good with guns and explosives, and the storyline created itself. Of course, I have an outline in my head for where the series is going to go, so Rally and Minnie don't just run off with the story; although they do have a life of their own.

**Studio Proteus:** Anyone who reads *Gunsmith Cats* gets a real education in firearms. You put tremendous care into rendering the weapons Rally and her opponents use. How do you do your research?

**Sonoda:** Guns have been my biggest passion for years. But of course, in Japan it's almost totally against the law to own any kind of firearm. That makes it a lot harder. I've been buying air guns and model guns for years; I've got a big collection by now. And I read three different Japanese magazines on firearms every month. *Guns Magazine* is the most comprehensive. When I'm drawing a scene with a gun in it I'll use the magazines, or if I have a model of that particular firearm, I'll keep it on my writing desk. I have assistants help me with the scenes too, so often I'll have to plunk a replica down in front of them and say see, do it this way. But of course, air guns and model guns aren't exactly replicas of the originals. So I'm careful to draw to the true original, not the reproductions.

Since I can't really own weapons in Japan it was a real handicap. I didn't get to actually live fire anything until I went to Animecon '91 in San Jose, which was sponsored by *Guns and Studio Proteus*. We went to a firing range and blazed away with a whole bunch of different weapons. Since then, I've had a chance to fire at ranges in the U.S. several more times.

**Studio Proteus:** And those high-performance cars Rally loves?

**Sonoda:** It's the same (laughs). I don't even have a driver's license! I read a lot, and study a lot. Right now I don't even have a bike, although I used to ride a Kawasaki GPZ, and I had a Yamaha SRX for a while, too.

**Studio Proteus:** Who do you like better, Rally or Minnie-May?

**Sonoda:** Rally's my heroine, so she has to be really good at what she does. Rally's a tough oase—she gets things done, and she holds things together. Like her. But at the same time, she's sort of intimidating. So in that sense, I guess I'm a little more fond of Minnie-May. She's a great character to draw—lots of fun. And while she's strong-willed like Rally, she has her weaknesses.

To be perfectly honest, though, I feel more comfortable creating stories in the *Riding Bean*\* world where I've got a leading man. No matter how much I like Rally and Minnie, it's hard for me, as a guy, to get inside their heads. *Bean Bandit* is a guy I can identify with much more personally. No matter how much they say Japanese women have gotten tougher in recent years, you don't meet many people like Rally and Minnie-May in Japan, or anywhere else. They're a challenge!

\* *The Laserdisc* is an archaic analog optical disc storage medium from the late seventies/early eighties. Films continued to be released on LD in Japan until 2001.

\*\* *Bean Bandit* is the star of *Riding Bean* video, available from AnimEgo. He also appears in *Gunsmith Cats* comics.

*This interview originally ran in *Gunsmith Cats* "Bonnie and Clyde," first printed October 1996. Some information, obviously, may no longer be accurate.*

—ad

## KENICHI SONODA INTERVIEW

Name: KENICHI SONODA (not a pen name)

Nickname: "SONOVAN"

Born: OSAKA, JAPAN, December 13, 1962

### Professional Background:

Came to Tokyo to seek his fortune at the age of twenty-one and promptly landed a job at Art-mic where he was soon creating character designs for such films as *Die! Force* and *Buddies* from *Cross*. After leaving Art-mic and becoming a freelance comics artist, in February of 1991 Sonoda exploded onto the pages of the popular manga magazine *Afternoon* with "*Gunsmith Cats*," a rollicking action story about a tough, female bounty hunter and her dangerous buddies who fight drug gangs and extortionists on the mean streets of Chicago. The series brought two of the toughest ladies in Japanese comics, gun aficionado Rally Vincent and the bomb freak Minnie-May Hopkins, to hungry readers, who have boosted sales of the subsequent *Gunsmith Cats* graphic novels past 200,000 copies each in Japan and spawned a series of original video animations (available in English from A. D. Vision).

### Personal Stuff:

Sonoda got his motorcycle license at twenty. He prefers 100% malt for both his beer and whiskey. His collection of model air guns numbers over sixty, and his laserdisc\* collection takes up over thirteen feet of shelf space. He owns several computers, such as an NEC 9827 and a Fujitsu Towns MA, but only uses them to play computer games. He also collects "Mr. Bill" (from *Saturday Night Live*) merchandise. Women adore him. Sonoda is single and lives in Kichijoji, Japan.

### Following is a conversation between Sonoda and Studio Proteus

**Studio Proteus:** How did a Tokyo-based manga artist wind up writing about women bounty hunters in Chicago?

**Sonoda:** Actually, I started with a single illustration. I had done an illustration of two women with guns—one tall, one tiny—for an anthology of illustrations put out by a fanzine publisher friend. I'd been thinking of starting up a new manga series, but when I went to pitch some ideas to my editors, they pounced on that illustration instead and said, "Why don't you flesh this idea out?" And that's how it all started. I chose Chicago in part because so many action manga have been set in New York already, but also because of the reputation Chicago has even all the way over in Japan—you know, the city of Al Capone, prohibition gun battles, and tough cops.

**Studio Proteus:** I'm fascinated by this. So you had this one drawing of two women with guns—how much did you know about them already? Or did you have to start from scratch to come up with the story?

**Sonoda:** I find that when I draw someone's face, I get a sense of the whole personality behind the drawing. I think it's mostly in the eyes. With these two women, who later became Rally and Minnie-May, their eyes were very different, and I just kind of knew what they were like. Minnie-May has that etched look to her eyes, something very sharp and acid, and that's the kind of person she is. She's really much tougher in her own way than Rally.



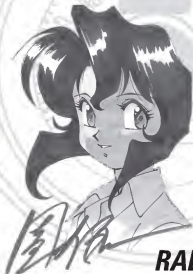


**MINNIE-  
MAY**



**MISTY**

# **SKETCH GALLERY**



**RALLY**

This character gallery originally appeared in Gunsmith Cats  
"Bonnie and Clyde." First printed October 1996

—ed



**BEAN  
BANDIT**

*Bean Bandit*

*Bean Bandit*

**BECKY**

